Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutio's* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
Ro. O, I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio?*
Tibalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Benu. There lyes that *Tibalt.*
Citi. Vp, sir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,

There lyes the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, braue *Mercutio.*
Capu.Wi. *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers chil
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, shead bloud of *Montague.*
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
Ben. *Tibalt* here slaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly b
Could not take truce with the vnruly spleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall scorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tibalt*, whose dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and swifter then his ton
His agill arme beates downe their fatall points,
And twixt them rushes, vnderneath whose arme,
An enuious thrust from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertayn'd reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tibalt* slaine
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
Ca.Wi. He is a kinsman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him false, he speakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou, Prince, must giue: